hullabaloo; tired of being tagged It ain'd my initials, because they by taxis as we cross a street; begin mit E. S. Vot is dot R. S. tired of watching grocers and V. P.? Vot is it? Vot is it?" butchers hoisting higher the dinner when Elsie rushed in and bungalow in the wilds of means Real Silver Vedding Pres-Westchester, which he calls ents!" Troolyrooral.

Uncle Peter and his wife visit us from time to time in our thing which resulted in a gurgle amateur apartment in the Big in her throat, while Uncle Peter

gentleman. When he squeezes any harm. into our little flat the walls act as if they were bowlegged.

Uncle Peter always goes through the folding doors side- dollars, or I'm not a foot high. ways, and every time he sits down the man in the apartment their troubles at Troolyrooral below us kicks because we move with the servant problem. the piano so often.

wife and she weighs more and right answer. breathes oftener.

When we reached Troolyrooral we found that "Cousin Elsie" Schultz was also a visitor latest cook.

ily, having lived with Aunt Martha for over twenty years as a sort of housekeeper.

They call her "Cousin Elsie" just to make it more difficult. Three or four years ago Elsie

married Gustave Bierbauer and station. quit her job.

her exclusive use, and the way she can grab a bundle of the started for town." English language and break it up is a caution.

Language is the same to Elsie as a siphon is to a highball-and that's a whole lot.

Two years after their marriage old Gustave stopped living to sit on him.

that Gustave had died from a rear. rush of words to his brain pan.

The coroner also found, upon inquired Aunt Martha.

urther examination, that all of longed to Elsie, with the exception of a few which were once

Elsie moseys over from Plain-field, N. J., where she lives with in polished accents, "that this is Aunt Martha.

floorwalker in Bauerhaupt's gro- me to reprimand you severely. I tion in the inauguration and operation of the new system. cery store, but I doan'd know will, thereforevot it is dot R. S. V. P. yet!"

the instep under the table, and bat pose and cut in: "G'wan said to Elsie: "Well, that is a away with your dime novel talk

All that day Elsie wandered HEN Peaches and I get through the house muttering to the tired of the Big Town—tired of its noises and bride und groom? R. S. V. P.!

That evening we were all at cost of living—that's our cue to with a cry of joy. "I got it!" grab a choo-choo and breeze out to Uncle Peter Grant's farm meaning of dot R. S. V. P. It

I was just about to drink a glass of water, but I changed my Just to even matters up, mind and nearly choked to death. Peaches tried to say some-

fell off his chair and landed on a Uncle Peter is a very stout old cat which had never done him

Elsie's interpretation of that wedding invitation is going to set Herman Schultz back several And maybe they don't have

It's one hard problem that-

Aunt Martha is Uncle Peter's and nobody seems to get the

One morning later on Peaches When the two of them visit and I were out on the top porch our bird cage at the same time drinking in the glorious air and the janitor has to go out and chatting with Hep Hardy, who stand in front of the building had come out to spend Sunday with a view to catching it if it with us, when Aunt Martha came bustling out, followed by Uncle Peter, who, in turn, was followed by Lizzie Jones, their

Lizzie wore a new lid, trim-"Cousin Elsie" is a sort of med with prairie grass and field privileged character in the fam- daisies, hanging like a shade over the left lamp; she had a grouchy looking grip in one hand and a green umbrella with black freckles in the other.

She was made up to catch the first train that sniffed into the

Aunt Martha whispered to us "Cousin Elsie" believes that plaintively: "Lizzie has been conversation was invented for here only two days and this makes the seventh time she has

> Busy Lizzie took the center of the stage and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, mem!" she announced with considerable bit-

Uncle Peter made a brave efso abruptly that the coroner had fort to scowl back at her, but she flashed her lanterns at him The post mortem found out and he fell back two paces to the

Lizzie put the grouchy these words had formerly be- down, folded her arms and said: "Oh, I have me grievances!"

Uncle Peter sidled up to Aunt the property of Gustave's favor- Martha and said in a hoarse

So now every once in a while got in the limelight with Lizzie.

Herman, and proceeds to sew a an occasion upon which I should lot of pillow slips and things for publicly point out to you the error of your ways, and send you One morning while Peaches back to your humble station

Then Lizzie and the green I gently kicked Peaches on umbrella struck a Casey-at-the-the instep under the table, and bat pose and cut in: "G'wan land Publishing Company, Salt Lake City."



Then Lizzie and the green umbrella struck a Casey-at-the-bat pose.

Queen of the Bungalow.

sisted our patient Auntie.

"Sure," said the Baroness of

"Now, Lizzie, what's wrong?" from the North Pole just natch-"You told me, mem, that I ully hikes in there and keeps me room, and a gas stove, if you should have a room with a settin' up in bed all night shiv- wish. southern exposure," said the erin' like I was shakin' dice for

"Very well, Lizzie," said grub foundry. Bread Pudding, "the room is so Aunt Martha, soothingly. "I'll exposed, mem, that every breeze have storm windows put on at in the house.

"Well, what's wrong?" in- would be growlin' for a fur umbrella and ducked for the "You can see where they've

"Hep," I said, "this scene with Her Highness of Clam Chowder ought to be an awful warning to "All right, mem," said the you. No man should get mar- this, but one of the eggs the drinks. When I want that Countess of Cornbeef, removing ried these days unless he's sure and nervous and it slippe that his wife can juggle the frying "Uncle Peter asked P scribed?" inquired Aunt Mar- chambermaid in a cold storage. husband of yours with the pan and take a fall out of an egg she could cook some Hun I'm a cook, mem, it's, true, but woozy lingo out of the kitchen, beater. They've had eight cooks goulash, and Phyllish scr "The room is all right, but I I'm no relation to Doctor Cook, because I'm a nervous woman— in eight days, and every time a No, my parents have don't care for the exposure," and I ain't eager to sleep in a I am that." And then the new face comes in the kitchen Swedes all their lives! said the Princess of Porkchops. room where even a polar bear Duchess of Deviled Kidneys got the coal scuttle screams with

worn a new trail across the lawn kitchen to ask what was Aunt Martha sighed and went on the retreat to the depot. "It's an awful thing, Hep. Our

AUTHORS AND BOOKS

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

sion to win Betty, not knowing she is secretly engaged and believing her to be heart-whole and fancy free. John Tracey, he feels sure, is an honorable young man of high standards. In the meantime, Tom Courtney, her fiance, sets into financial difficulties, and knowing of the friendship existing between Betty and John Tracey, writes Betty urging her to use her influence with Tracey in securing a lean. This letter Betty shows her father and confesses her engagement with Courtney. She forthwith writes Courtney and breaks the engagement. Before a reply is received. John Tracey proposes and is accepted. Betty realizing she has never loved anyone else and that the attachment between Courtney and berself was childlike. Betty attempts to tell of her former engagement to John Tracey, but he persuades her to wait until after the honeymoon. On the day set for the wedding Betty receives a letter from Courtney, telling her not to marry Tracey and declaring his love. This sãe gives to Tracey, who broods over it and fears she loves young Courtney. He then decides that their relations must be confined to sion to win Betty, not knowing she Fracey, who broods over it and tears she loves young Courtney. He then decides that their relations must be confined to those of guardian to ward. At this Betty is very miserable and inally asks the advice of a dear friend of her husband's. the property of Gustave's favorite bartender.

After Gustave's exit Aunt Martha tried to get Elsie back on her job, but the old Dutch had her eye on Herman Schulz, and finally married him.

Martha and said in a hoarse whise it whisper: "My dear, this shows a lack of firmness on your part. Now leave everything to me and let me settle this obstreperous servant once and for all."

Uncle Peter crossed over and got in the limelight with Lizzia and the reader cannot but be benefited.

BOOK ON CURRENCY.

The Operation of the New Bank Act. By The Conway, Jr., Ph. D., Assistant Professor of name, and Ernest M. Patterson, Ph. D., structer in Finance, Wharton School of Finand Commerce, University of Ponneylyania, Phishet by J. B. Lippincott Company, Phishet by J. B. Lippincott Company, Phishet Descriptions of the Ponneylyania of

One morning while Peaches and I were at breakfast Elsie meandered in, bearing in her hand a wedding invitation which Herman had forwarded to her from Plainfield.

Being, as I say, a privileged character, she does pretty much as she likes around the bungalooza.

Elsie read the invitation: "Sure, if you didn't," was Elsie read the invitation: "Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's comeback, "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you far breaken arriage of deir daughter, Verbena, to Galahad Schalzenberger, at der home of der bride's parents, Plainfield, N. J. March Sixteenth. R. S. V. P."

"Vell," said Elsie, "I know der Ganderkurds und I know Galahad Schalzenberger; he's a floorwalker in Bauerhaupt's grocery store, but I daan'd know Galahad Schalzenberger; he's a floorwalker in Bauerhaupt's grocery store, but I daan'd know like the your humble station with a better knowledge of your status in this household."

"Scat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line.

"Guart whowledge of your status in this household."

"Scat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line.

"I want you to understand," he went on, "that I pay you your wages!"

"Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's comeback, "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment.

"Peter, leave her to me," headed Aunt Martha.

But Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth peters and discusses fully all the features of the federal reserve act and a general index to the federal reserve act and a general index to the federal reserve act that has yet been is subject. Of course, to fine authority on the subject will be went on, "that I pay you your good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth peters of legislation, marking a distinct of legislation and the federal reserve act but is designed to give wha Now that the new bank act will soon

A UTAH BOOK.

said to Elsie: "Well, that is a new one on me. Are you sure it isn't B. & O., or the C. R. R. of N. J.? I've heard of those two railroads in New Jersey, but I never heard of the R. S. V. P."

For the first time in her life since she's been able to grab a sentence between her teeth and shake the pronouns out of it Elsie was fazed.

She kept looking at the invitation and saying to herself, "R. S. V. P.! Vot is it? I know der honor of your presence; I know is away with your dime novel talk as sequel to the work of another man is unsual. Still more unusual is the writing of the sequel many years after the publication of the original work, and yet this is what has been done by Sam H. Wood of Salt Lake City. The original way, by E. P. Roe, who was one of the famous "Barriers Burned Away," by E. P. Roe, who was one of the chicago fire and is based largely input Chicago characters. The entire rotten the morning mail goes." And he faded away.

She kept looking at the invitation and saying to herself, "R. S. V. P.! Vot is it? I know der honor of your presence; I know as the control of the Chicago fire for its climax. In his introduction Mr. Wood sates that the two leading characters in E. P. faded away.

"It isn't an easy matter to get servants out here," Aunt Martha whispered to us. "It isn't easen he says, has attempted to carry them along "to new and better times." It has tried to place the characters of Dennis Fleet and Christine Ludolph in their proper places among a A romance written by one man as Ludolph in their proper places among a

progressive, broadening and uplifting au-

manlty.
Mr. Wood's romance is entitled "Uni-Mr. Wood's romance is entitled "Universal Peace, or the Crowning Work of Two Lives," and he has sought to teach in it the value of the ideal of universal peace. As an addendum to the book he has written an article entitled, "How to Bring About Universal Peace." A still further addendum is in no way connected with the theme of the novel, it relates to the Mormon question and he discusses it from its practical side and its political. from its practical side and its political

It from its practical side and its political side.

This is the first book of fiction that Mr. Wood has ever written, although his other writings are well known. It is said that this is the first novel ever published in Sait Lake City.

Mr. Wood had planned to have the work illustrated, but he says that he was unable to find an artist who had the inspiration to paint the picture he described. One of the scenes which he wished to illustrate is the Chicago fire itself, which he describes on pages 27 to 31. He still wants this picture for his book, and he offers a prize of \$15 to any artist or student of the state of Utah for the best picture to illustrate his description of the Chicago fire. The picture must be sent to him on or before July 1, 1914. He will pay \$10 for the second best picture. The picture should be painted on canvas about 16x24 inches. He limits the age of any contestant to twenty-five years. The offer is confined to Utah because this is a Utah book.

WINTER GOOD TIMES.

Peter and Polly in Winter. By Rose Lucia, Prin-cipal of the Primary School, Montpeller, Ver-mont. Published by the American Book Com-pany, New York and Chicago.

pany. Pustaned by the American Book Company, New York and Chicago.

A very attractive reader for the second and third school years, with many illustrations in color. It tells of the winter good times of two little children who live in the country. They learn to skate on the river; they go into the woods with their father to cut the Christmas iree. While the Christmas merriment is at its beight, there is a stir behind the tree and out comes a real, live pony that is to beiong to Peter and Polly. After a big snowstorm they hitch Brownie, the pony, to a fine sied which they and their father have bullt, and give their playmates a ride. They thoroughly enjoy an afternoon's fun with their dish-pan sleds, a new game suggested by their mother. All noon's ton with their dish-pan sleds, a new game suggested by their mother. All these common-place doings have been turned into interesting stories, so simple in form that beginners will read them with delight, and by reading will learn to read. Incidentally, by associating with these happy, out-of-door children, they will learn many helpful lessons that all children should know.

THE TROUBADOURS.

Massarone. By Gordon Arthus Smith. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The author of this beautiful romance of the days of the troubadours is a young Harvard graduate, who, hitherto, has only written short stories.

"Mascarose" is a charming bit of romance, just fautastic enough to be entirely independent of all the prosale sides of the world without losing its plausibility, and just humorous enough to give it a note of joility without suggesting burlesque. In other words, it is a tale of knights, troubadours and ladies in which the old fashion of the material is handled the old fashion of the material is handled with a modernness of spirit and boy-like zest that make it over altogether.

We predict a bright future for this imaginative young author.

LITERARY NOTES.

A book that has caused much discussion throughout the intermountain section is "Eve." written by Kathurine Howard, a review of which has already appeared in the columns of The Tribune. Mrs. Howard is the mother of Mrs. John Malick, wife of the parter of the First Unitarian church of this city. Among the many favorable comments made regarding this book the following by Mayor Unican of Butte will be of interest.

in by Mayor Buncan of Butte will be of infrient.

"The woman movement, as it is rather indefsituly called, has reached the stage when it beinto to develop its own characteristic literature,
his book by Katharine Howard is a unique
out strong. Nothing near its power, nothing anonathing its probe to the fundamentate of the
mestion, nothing reaching to its heights of prohetic and ethical viston and passion has been
reduced by an American writer, or, so far as
ur acquaintance with this body of literature exrade, by any writer unless it be Olive Schreiner.

"Eve' is written in the same Nietzchian style
s the author's former work. The Book of the
expent," but it is far and away superior to that
out, Katharine Howard, in Eve, has found herself; found also a theme witch little her above
see deverness and into passionate poetic fervor
high varies her very near. It indeed it does
of wholly strain greatness.

"Her Eve' is the world-mother, and the proper cattrained Howard, in Teve, has found herdit found also a theme which lifts her above to guide them back into the channel of sinderere eleverness and into passionate poetly ferror
sich carries her very near. If, indeed it does
so wholly stakin greatness.
"Her Teve' is the world-mother, and the prose; Gertrude, left to enervating doubts, resolves to go
by the author's vivacity of style,

her mischapen and degenerate progeny. By a series of conversations between her and the inscrutable one (the screen tempter of Eden), we are led through her intellectual and moral awakening as the knowledge of good and evil deepens in her, till she declares and maintains her individual and sexual independence of Adam, and in that rise from slavery to the freedom of wemanbood and motherhood. Bits beyself on the ladder of light to a world-counclosiness of the meaning of wifehood and motherhood and draws after her even Adam, once her lord and master, but now her equal and companion, to the freedom and the reception of the sanetity of manneod and fatherhood."

General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the dited States army, has had many expressions f admiration voiced as to his personal appea-nce. It remained, however, for a humble Irish of him in uniform on her dressing table. One day, entering her bedroom suddenly, ahe chanced upon her newly-acquired maid, who stood agapt, with glesming ever holding the shotograph in hor hand.

Startled into speech, the servant asked "What's he miss?"
"He's an officer North." The young mistress deemed that answer sufficient.

"Gee, miss," was the breathless comment as the maid put down the nicture literature.

The Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw was reported to have said that she would not pay her theome tax. It looked as though she had not read the passage about rendering unto Caesar what is his. But she says that was all a mistake, that she will pay her income tax if the government says she owes it, and that she is dead against militancy and thinks nothing is to be gained by it for any good cause.

good cause.

So, perhaps, after all, the reverend lady has looked into the first-book of her profession. She ought to start a Bible class for Mrs Belmont, Mrs. Medili McCormick and ex-Miss Milholland.—

Richard Harding Davis opens Scribner's Magazine for March with a vivid and lively account of 'Breaking Into the Movies.'' He tells a romantle story of how in his sophomore year a first voyage to Santiago. Cuba and a visit to the American from mines there made so strong an impression that ten years afterward he added a love story and wrote his famous nevel, ''Soldier of Fortune.'' Then it was dramatized by Augustus Thomas, and years later Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ihavis returned to the scene of the novel and made several miles of moving-picture films. This is the story of how a company of actors, with volunteor regiments of Cuban troops, detashments of United Stores marines, villas in Santiago, all united to make the record of a story which already has been sold to moving picture places from St. Petersburg to Rio Janeiro. The illustrations and Mr. Davis's amusing text show exactly how it was done.

The cause of woman suffrage gets into fiction n this number of Ainslee's through two good tories. The popular hero of I A. R. Wylie's, "The Romantic Adventures of Sandy McGrab,"

"The Romantic Adventures of Sandy McGrab," protects a pretty girl who breaks a window in London, and gels himself arrested for his chivalry. Robert Emmet MacAlamey contributes an adventurous, humorous tale called "Boadicea's Putter the theme concerning itself largely with the march of the suffragettes to Albany.

"Tigress," by Ronald MacDenald, depicts the flerce mother love that turns a gentlewoman into a flend when her child is kidnaped. It is a remarkably strong story. "The Woman Who Did Not Care," by Mary Gaunt, is a thrilling tale of an uprising in China. Joseph Ernest's "The Same Old Story" is a cleverly-written episods of New York life.

Other excellent fletton in this number is "The Black Bag," by Wells Hantlings: "None So Blind," by W. Carey Wonderly: "The Passing of Aunt Deborah." by Raiph Stock, and "The Grooming of Sarah Mudd," by Edna Rock.

The greatest moment in our career is when we awaken to the shining truth that our life, to make or mar, is whelly in our bands; that neither dark destiny nor grim fate, nor the stars, nor the decrees of the gods, nor the machinations of men or devils, can cheat us of that greatness of soul and secenity of mind which are the crown or real success.

seconity of mind which are the crown or real success.

The most terrible note in the despair of the despairing is the sound of helpleanness. To feel that the universe is a huge machine to grind us at last to dust, that the odds of existence are against us, and that we are borne down by the tramp of irresistible forces, this is the sait taste of failure.

But when a man has discovered that he himself is master, and that no outside force can touch his inner triumph, that discovery is as of a new world, the America of spirit, the opening vista of limitiess opportunity.—Dr. Frank Crane, in Woman's World for March.

were one central bank with branches throughout the country, it will have a tendency to keep many novelecte to March Young's Magazine, is an absorbing story of a man who contracts a second marriage with a little gram widow of whom he is passively fond, but whom he regards as more or less of a ton, Gertrude or "Trude!" as he calls her in accord with her German coloring, in a sweet, somewhat simple little woman endowed with the Tentonic virtue of domesticity. She has leat her first husband through to faschations of a bold stage beauty and with the second is confronted by a similar problem—her rival, this time being a keenly intelligent society woman. General as the second in the second is confronted by a similar problem—her rival, this time being a keenly intelligent society woman. General rose of the world with the second is confronted by a similar problem—her rival, this time being a keenly intelligent society woman. General rose of the world with the second is only tolerated by them for his sake Garli, a friend of Trevers's is kind to her, and when an extrangement comes between the two, he endeavors to guide them back into the channel of understanding. Trevers's son by his first wife is jured in an accident and this draws the man into close communion with the mether of his byt, offered as communion with the mether of his byt. Gertrude, left to enervating doubts, resolves to go

hurch attendance one would expect to find it omewhere in the fifty letters. And indeed on oes find a truce. There is the woman who writer rankly that I attend church because, in addifrankly that I stiend church because, in addi-tion to its other benefits it gives me, a stranger in the city, an epportunity to know socially the very best people.

"And another who says. Purely aside from the spiritual value of church attendance. It is a mat-ter of good policy for a woman who is in busi-ness, as I am, to identify herself with some strong church."

I am the thing round which the aureole Of music hung now fike an empty bowl, Reft of the living wine that was its acul-

s fragrance gone, its glowing petals shed; am the body with the spirit fied! And yet about me like an unseen flame That raptured mystic worshipers acclaim Hovers a melody that none may name.

Impalpable save to anointed care; Yet he who hath true divination hears Harmonies cheeded with the swinging spheres;

For unught of loveliness can vanish quite. But lingers near us, be it sound or sight. One with the whole, one with the infinite! —Clinton Scotlard, in March Smart Set

"What's in a name?" great Shakespeare queried; and the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalis company learned at least one answer from one of their "New Standard Dictionary" subscribers, out in Omaha. His name as written by himself, at the bottom of his letter making remittance, was simply H H. M. Chesnesgaozyano, John Baptist, and could be pronounced with comparative case even in the first form of it, but the printed letter-head read "Dr. Hasjee Hovyhaan-parative underneath in parenthesis. In its original, untranslated, wouldn't it puzzle telephone people?"

The little republic of Panama has lately re-ceived the first annual payment of \$250,000 under the perpetual lense by which the United States holds the canal zone. It slos gets an annual in-come of about \$400,000 from New York real estate mortgages, in which it wisely invested \$7,000,000 of the original \$50,000,000 cash payment made by the United States. Panamanians doubtless have their wordes, but high taxes are not among them.

Young Mr. Thorndyke, an Englishman, who was very prominent socially, was invited to dine with the Allison's one evening Louis, the young son of the Allison's, had been silowed to be one of the party. During a silence at the dinner table, the boy saked "Are you an Englishman?" "Yes," laughed Mr. Thorndyke, "Don't you like Englishman?"

"Oh, yes," was the response, "our butler is an Englishman, Mother always says Englishmen make the most capable house servants in the world."—In National Monthly.

A strange little walled town in our American A strange little walled town in our American west and its watchman, a Swede nicknamed Lara Porsena," are unique features in Eugene Manlove Rhodes's "left Bransford in Arcada, which Messus, Henry Holt and Company are just publishing, and of which they have had to print a second edition before publication. The author's earlier and stirring story, "Good Men and True." Is also in its second edition and was highly praised by leading authorities.

While the new system will enable the banking power of the United States to be used as a whole in times of emergency, very much as if there were one central bank with branches throughout the country, it will have a lendency to keep money in localities and to leasen the abeer final cial dominance of New York and one or two other handles centers. The services that the late Mr.

palates are weak from sa different styles of mashe

"We had one last we answered roll call whe

yelled Phyllis. "Isn't that a peach handle for a kitchen quee a map like the Borough

Bronx on a dark night? "She came here well mended-by herself. Sh she knew how to cook ward.

"We believed her aft first meal, because that she cooked it.

"Phyllis was a very in girl. She could cook ar on earth or in the waters neath the earth, and she it by trying to mix ten nails with the baked bea "When Phyllis found

was no shredded oats house for breakfast she c the cover of the washtn sawdust and sprinkled the whisk broom, choppe "It wasn't a half bad fast food of the home-ma-

but every time I took a water the sawdust used up in my throat and tic "The first and only was with us Phyllis so two dollars' worth of eg

ing to make a lemon m potpie. "She tried to be artist

"Uncle Peter asked Pl she ran him across the with the carving knife. "Aunt Martha went

ner and Phyllis got back 'I'm a woman, it is true will show you that I can secret!'

"When the meal came table we were compelled the secret with her.

"It looked like Irish tasted like clam chowd behaved like a bad boy. "On the second day

denly occurred to Phyl she was working, so she in her resignation, handed the gardener, a jolt in h department, handed out a unnecessary talk and I

"The next rebate we the kitchen was a colore named James Buchanan I

grast. "James was all there earry four. He was o most careful cooks that made faces at the roast b

"The evening he arri intended to have shad I dinner, and James inform that that was where he "Eight o'clock came

went in the kitchen to co him that we were human with appetites. "She found careful counting the roe to see fish dealer had sent the

dinner. Then Aunt

number. "He was up to 2,196,49 still had a half pound to "James left that night lowed by shouts of ap

from all present. "I'm telling you all this just to prove that fate i while it delays your w until some genius inver automatic cook made of

num and electricity." Hep laughed and shoo head. "The servant problem

delay my wedding," he ch 'If there wasn't a cook the world we wouldn't we're going to be veget because we're going to I the Garden of Eden. "Tush!" I snickered.

"Tush, yourself!" said I "Oh, tush, both of you, Peaches. "John said that thing to me three weeks we were married."

"Sure I did," I went 'and we're still in the G aren't we? Of course, want to sublet part of have Hep and his bride ro moonstruck through your berry beds that's up to y

"Well," said friend wife ing alone in the Garden of is all right, but after you'v there three or four there's a mild excitem hearing a strange voice, it is that of a serpent!"

Close the door, Delia, I draft (Copyright, 1914, by The Newspaper Syndicate.)